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THE Mourning Swain:

A FUNERAL ECLOGUE,

HUMBLY

Offer'd to the MEMORY

Of the Right Honourable

JAMES,

EARL of *ABINGDON.*

Written by Mr. *ROBERT GOULD.*

AND

Dedicated to His Grace the Duke of *Leeds.*

LONDON:

Printed for the Author, and Sold by *John Nutt*, near *Stationer's-Hall.* 1700. *23. May.*

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To His Grace the

Duke of LEEDS, &c.

THe Sun almoſt an Annual Race has ran,
Since the Deceaſe of this Prodigious Man:
So long ago, (and ſuch the Nation gave)
Theſe Faithful Tears were wept upon his Grave.
They who can ſee when Nature ſways in Chief,
Will find 'em ſhed in an Extream of Grief:
Without her aid, in vain we ſtrive by Art,
To Limn a weeping Eye and bleeding Heart.
In Private writ, in Private to the Plains,
I thought to have confin'd theſe Rural Strains,
An Ev'ning Concert for the Mourning Swains;
When on their Oaten Reeds His Name they'd raiſe,
All Tun'd to their departed Patron's Praiſe.
But call'd from thence in Publick to appear,
(My ſelf by being Worthleſs, fenc'd from Fear)
I fly to YOU with this Illuſtrious Name,
To ſtand between Detraction and his Fame.

With

The Dedication.

With Merit, *Envy ever did commence.*
And Vice is ſtill ſuppreſſing Excellence;
Like feeble Eyes, *that ſhun the* Glaring Light,
'Twou'd cover what it cannot bear in Night.

Your nearneſs to the HERO *in His Blood,*
And the yet nearer Tye of being Good;
Your joint Endeavours, and Your joint Succeſs,
In lab'ring for Your Country's Happineſs;
Your Mutual Friendſhip, with ſuch Concord knit,
That Love ne'er made ſo dear a Union yet;
All theſe Regards, make's this Addreſs your Due:
It can, My Lord, belong to none but YOU,
The Honour of this Celebrated Name;
Return'd, in ſome degree, from whence it came,
Guide of his Life, and Guardian of his Fame.

Juſtly the Lines may ſafely ſeek, where late
'Tis found by an affrighted tott'ring State:
When to the Verge of Anarchy it drew,
Hurri'd along, and all her Fears in view,
She ſighing, caſt her Eyes for Aid, on YOU;
YOU *who ſo oft (when wander'd from the way,*
And loſt in Night) *have led us to the Day.*

Loud

The Dedication.

Loud was the Storm; and now, advancing nigh,
There ſeem'd no hope of help from Policy.
Here Bigottry like Scylla *threat'ning ſtood,*
Horrid with Wrecks, and painted o'er with Blood.
There, like Charibdis, *Tyranny appear'd,*
Fearful to ſight, and Hideous to be heard!
And yet between 'em lay the happy Coaſt,
Which either we muſt Make, or all be loſt.
Here 'twas (and greatlier ne'er employ'd before)
Your Counſels *did our Peace and Pow'r reſtore,*
When they had took their leave, to come no more.

Where does the wond'rous Penetration lie?
Or is all Nature opn'd to Your Eye?
That thus YOU *forward look among the Fates,*
And ſeem a Second Providence to States?
For ever on Your Country's good Intent,
YOU Foreign Ills *divert, and* Home *prevent.*
No more an Empty Title to the Main
Our Squadrons *boaſt; by Your* Advice *they Reign.*
Europe *and* Africa *Triumphant ſaw*
Our Navy Ride, and give the Ocean *Law;*
While thoſe who thought t' Invade us now retire,
And leave their Shoars to Spoil and Hoſtile Fire.

If

The Dedication.

If the Phyſician oft divert our Fate,
By feeling how the Blood does Circulate,
What may HE *do that know's the* Pulſe of State?
Be Fevour, Faintneſs, Frenzy, the Diſeaſe,
Or if a Lethargy the Vitals ſeize;
Be it Luxurious Peace, or Lawleſs Might,
Or Legiſlative Rage for Raviſh'd Right;
Be it a leſs'ning Fame, or leſs'ning Trade,
The Neighb'ring Strength increas'd, or ours decay'd,
The Remedy *is certain you adviſe;*
And we are ne'er ſo Low, but then we Riſe.

And yet in ſpight of this unweary'd Care,
Among us there a ſort of Monſters are, (*ſpare.*
Whoſe Tongues like Jews, *wou'd not their* Saviour
But y'are Secure, and all their Malice vain;
Such Vertue is too rich a Dye *to ſtain.*

As when a Nymph *breaths on a Cryſtal-Glaſs,*
The Damps a while obſcure her Beauteous Face;
A Dimneſs on the fair Reflection lie's,
And ſits between her Image and her Eyes:

But

The Dedication.

But ſoon the ſelf-aſſiſted Mirror's *clear,*
The Envious Shades diſſolve into the Air,
And all her former lovely Lineaments *appear.*
So what e'er Spight with black'ning Breath can ſay,
The Luſtre of your Worth *does purge away,*
Breaks through the ſullen Gloom, and ſettles Day.

But while (alas!) the too advent'rous Muſe
Ambitiouſly her Noble Flight *purſues;*
She finds the Weight above her Pow'r *to raiſe,*
And ſinks beneath the Preſſure *of* Your Praiſe.
A Life like Yours, *a* Hiſtory *does claim*
An ample Fabrick *that may hold* Your Fame;
Where an Immortal Pillar *ſhou'd be Grav'd,*
The Prince's *y'ave oblig'd, and* Kingdom's *ſav'd.*

And Lo!---(*for what can veil the* Muſe's Eyes)
I ſee, methinks, a fam'd Hiſtorian *riſe,*
Impartial, Great, Elab'rate, Learn'd *and* Wiſe;
One on whoſe Works the Graces all ſhall ſmile;
So juſt a Subject claims the juſteſt Stile.
No other but the beſt of Pens *ſhou'd ſhow*
The Future Ages *what the* Preſent *owe.*

The Dedication.

To LEEDS, *and* (O *too early from us torn!*)
That other God-like Man, whoſe Loſs we Mourn:
Your Glory will not leſs Illuſtrious ſhine,
To have His Name Immortal made with Thine.
He ſhall to the ſucceeding Times diſplay
How You both ſtood, when hopeleſs of the Day,
Reſcuing th' Rights that others did betray:
The Slaves that for Precarious Pow'r and Place,
To French *Deſigns ſubject the* Britiſh Race,
Born to be FREE, *and ne'er to be o'ercome,*
But when by a brib'd Senate *Sold at Home.*

THE

THE Mourning Swain:

A FUNERAL ECLOGUE,

ON THE Much Lamented DEATH

Of the Right Honourable

JAMES, Earl of *ABINGDON*.

Menalcas, Damon, Alexis.

Menal-cas. HE Sinks! he dies away!—*Alexis!* Friend!
'Tis thy *Menalcas* calls!--ſome God deſcend,
And ſave the *Swain* from an untimely End.
Ha! he grows Paler ſtill! O *Damon*! you
Are come, as you Prophetically knew
The Aid I wiſh'd, and what his Griefs wou'd do!

Damon. I heard the broken Sobs, and faul'tring Breath,
And Groans, like thoſe the Wretched give in Death.
What ſad Occaſion——

Menalcas. Ask not yet our Grief,
But lend the Swooning Shepherd quick Relief:
Chafe, chafe his Temples; forward gently bow
The Body——this, or nothing elſe will do:
Thô when his Spirits to their Seat return,
He lives to Grief, and but revives to Mourn!

Damon. What un-foreſeen and ſudden ſtroak of Fate
Is this, that Nature ſinks beneath the Weight?
That Life retiring, ſhuns th' unequal Fight,
And if it Conquers, muſt o'ercome by Flight!

Men. The worſt that cou'd the wretched Youth attend:
Bertudor's Dead! his Maſter, Patron, Friend!
Bertudor! than which yet a Worthier Name
Was e'er took up, or founded off by Fame.
I brought him word the Noble Soul was flown,
And fear the fatal News has wing'd his Own.
Is this to be your Image? cruel Pow'rs!
How are we *Yours*, when with'ring Graſs and Flow'rs,
Vapours and Bubbles, are ſo truly *Ours*?
——But ſee! the Blood does to his Cheeks aſcend,
And lab'ring Life returns.——How fares my Mourning (Friend?

Alexis. Again! Do I yet draw this hated Breath?
And flying Life, can be but mock'd with Death?
Will not the Partial Pow'rs that rule above
Permit this laſt, beſt, deareſt Act of Love,
To Die, and by that Teſt, our Sorrows prove?
Muſt we be doom'd in *Being* to remain,
Renew'd to Grief, and but preſerv'd for Pain?

Ah!

Ah! dear *Menalcas!* what an eaſe 'twou'd be,
Cou'd we, at Will, ſhake off Mortality!
Cou'd, with our Tears, our Lives diſſolving fall,
And Grief had long Oblivion at her call:
But 'twill not be!——in worſt Extreams, as now,
The Soul wou'd reſt in Death, and Swoon's too go,
When ſtrugling Nature gives us back to Woe!

Damon. O fatal Sounds! O endleſs Sourſe of Moan!
And is indeed the brave *Bertudor* gone?

Alexis. Did you e'er find unhappy News untrue?
He's Dead! and I ſhou'd now be Dying too!
Ah! what for us remains (till Life is done)
But Wrongs, Diſtreſſes, Obliquy and Moan?
The Sheep muſt ſuffer, when the *Shepherd*'s gone.

Menalcas. Weall, indeed, the fatal Loſs ſhall rue,
Heavy to Us, but heavier yet to You:
You were acquainted with the *Hero* Young,
He knew you early, and he lov'd you long:

Alexis. He found me helpleſs, and of Friends bereft,
Of Parents, and the little they had left.
The VVorld look'd frowning on my Early Years,
And I ſeem'd deſtin'd by my Stars, to Cares.
He took me, rais'd me, fix'd me in his ſight;
By Precept and Example, kept me Right——
But Ah! the Lamp is gone, and I am hid in Night!
He taught me Good, then gave that good regard;
But ſtill, it ſtill was ſhort of the Reward.

With the new day, new Favours he'd impart,
Then make the World believe 'twas my Deſert.
And Shall? O ſhall this *BENEFACTOR* go
And we not ſing his Worth, and ſigh our Woe?
The laſt ſad Task that Gratitude can do.
Shall Time or Rage be ſuffer'd to efface
The Mem'ry of this beſt of *Britiſh* Race?
Shall Fame amidſt ſuch Merit ſilent lye?
Shall e'er the Springs that water Grief, be dry?
No! no! while Vertue does on Earth remain,
And Flocks and Herds feed on th' *Oxonian* Plain;
While Learning there and Piety encreaſe,
And Truth can reſt in the ſoft Arms of Peace:
While there is Wealth employ'd to Gen'rous Ends,
While there are Sweets in Love, and Faith in Friends,
So long the *Muſes* ſhall his Loſs deplore, (Poor.
That rain'd a Golden Show'r on them, and *Manna* to the

Damon. How various are the ways of Providence!
How crooked oft they ſeem to Human Senſe!
He's gone! for whom there's not a Soul but Grieves,
And yet his Foe, the Treach'rous *Jockney* Lives:
He Lives! (nor does degenerate from his Breed)
That never did one Honourable Deed:
Yet lives in proſp'rous Fortune, high in Truſt,
But barb'rous to Deſert, and plung'd in Luſt:
He lives! that yet ne'er did a *Loan* reſtore,
E'er pay a Debt, or e'er relieve the Poor:
He lives! that wou'd ſubvert the Church and State,
And ride 'em, loaded with Deſpotick Weight:

He

He lives! that nothing Impious e'er did ſhun;
He lives! a longer race of Vice to run;
He lives! and yet the good *Bertudor*'s gone!

Menalcas. If Vertue met with a ſo early Fate,
Can Vice preſume to hope a longer Date?
If Temp'rance thus at Noon is ſnatch'd away,
Can wild Exceſs expect to end the day?

Alexis. It does! it does! and every Wiſh ſucceeds,
On Down it lies, and on *Ambroſia* feeds';
No inward Pang it feel's, or future Reck'ning dread's.
The Beſt, alas! are Summon'd firſt to go,
Have leaſt Succeſs, and leaſt Regard below.
The haughty mount, and on the Humble tread,
Depreſs 'em Living, and Revile 'em Dead.
Their Honours won with Blood, are from 'em torn,
And by their Mortal Foes, inſulting worn.
No Diſappointments e'er th' Unjuſt attend;
The Juſt have God, but not Man, their Friend.
Hence Providence is oft miſ-underſtood,
Scoff'd by bad Men, and doubted by the Good;
While undiſtinguiſh'd Right and Wrong are hurl'd,
And Knave and Fool between 'em ſhare the World!

Menalcas. 'Tis not for Man, with a too daring Eye,
To look into the Secrets of the Sky;
Or if he ſhou'd, in vain he ſtrives to ſee
Through the dark-woven folds of Deſtiny.
As the Meridian Sun all flaming bright,
Gaz'd on, confounds and quenche's Human Sight;

So Reaſon fail's, and ſink's beneath the Weight
Of *Will*, *Omniſcience*, *Providence* and *Fate*.
But Thou, great Soul, diſburthen'd of thy Freight,
Ar't Landed now, on '*tother ſide of Fate*:
To Thee thoſe Diſtributions all are clear,
That ſo perplex, and ſo confound us here.
'Tis true, thus much by Reaſon's underſtood;
Affliction is the Teſt that try's the Good:
Where e'er it Viſit's, 'tis by Heaven's Command;
Not ſhuffl'd out, as Vice wou'd underſtand,
With blinking Eyes, and a promiſcuous Hand.
If proſp'rous Fortunes are to moſt a Snare,
Why not th' Afflicted God's peculiar Care?
Expos'd to black'ning Tongues, and faithleſs Friends,
Only to ply their Souls for Nobler Ends:
For Regions where we're known, and know aright,
Where day is never to reſign to Night,
And flying Time no more can bound Delight.
Shou'd Pleaſure here run ſmooth with equal Feet,
And Life, thô long, no Diſappointment meet;
Shou'd Hope ſucceed in ev'ry VViſh it make's,
And Grief ne'er ſeize the Soul it once forſake's;
Shou'd ev'ry Pious Man be Fortune's Care,
Humility be cloath'd, and Pride be bare;
Shou'd the firſt Honours be by VVorth poſſeſt;
Shou'd that ſtill riſe, and Vice be ſtill depreſt;
VVhat e'er hereafter more were to be giv'n,
VVe ſhou'd reſt here, and ſeek no other Heav'n.
But ſince this never was, nor will be ſo,
Not Revelation ſcarce can plainer ſhow,
That Vertu's not to wear her Crown below.

This

This Contemplation ſhou'd your Griefs remove;
Our very Suffering a Reward does prove,
It muſt not be on Earth——and it muſt be Above.

Alexis. With this, *Menalcas*, firmly I agree
But it not lighten's our Calamity.
Bertudor, thô to endleſs Joy he's gone,
Has left us cauſe for a whole Age to Moan.
When great *Elijah* did on high aſcend,
And Heav'n's bright Chariot his Aſcent attend,
What Joy was it to his remaining Friend?
He, in his Loſs, deplor'd his Country's Fate,
Their Civil Strife's, and cruel *Haz'ael*'s Hate;
Nor yet is ours a fix'd unmurm'ring State.
When will deliv'rance from Oppreſſion come,
If ſuch as He are call'd ſo early Home?
When will our Publick Fears, and Private Hate
Be o'er, if thus we loſe ſuch Props of State?
Who, when the Royal Cauſe is ſunk ſo low,
Will ſet ſo vaſt a Fortune at a Throw,
And with ſuch Skill, divert th' impending Blow?
Who in the Gap, when Force wou'd Right devour,
Will ſtand ſo firm againſt unbounded Pow'r?
Stemming the Tide of violated Laws,
Till he has made the Juſt, the Proſp'rous Cauſe?
O *Britain!* Thou, whoſe Happineſs He ſought,
Whoſe Happineſs He wou'd with Life have bought,
Thy Peace his conſtant Aim, and ſtill intending Thought;
Let thy ſad Genius now put Sables on,
And through the Land diffuſe unleſs'ning Moan,
That ev'ry Eye may VVeep, and ev'ry Breaſt may Groan!

And thou, O Learned Town! whoſe Sacred Name,
Has been ſo long th' envy'd Theme of Fame;
Thou too, ſhould'ſt in the Mourning Concert ſhare,
Scarcely ſo much thy Guardian Angel's Care.
Who e'er before made Thee appear ſo Great,
Or in thy Civil, Learn'd, or Martial State?
Or who hereafter (through more Trials prov'd)
VVill leave Thee——ſo Bemoan'd, and ſo Belov'd?
How did He Factious Fears and Doubts control!
How ſtill Contention! and how tune the Soul!
How baffle Envy! and how ſilence Pride!
In all Elections certain to Preſide.
Others to Heats and Strifes, and Feuds wou'd run,
But where he came, he made all Voices *one*:
With a bare Breath, they mov'd as he enclin'd,
Like ſtanding Corn, all bending with the Wind.
At once to *ROYALTY* and *RIGHT* a Friend;
Nor did He to thy *Burroughs* recommend
A needy Race, for Policy to bait,
Like Gudgeons, catch'd with Penſions by the S——te.
But while, bleſs'd City, I'd thy *HERO* ſhow,
I rove, and make Digreſſions from my Woe.
Ah never! never ceaſe to Sigh His Name!
So true to Honour, and ſo dear to Fame!
Let all thy Sons bewail th' Exalted Man;
And thou, Immortal *Yw——ings*! lead the Van:
Thou, who new force do'ſt to our Language give;
He who ſo well can Praiſe, as well can Grieve.
Ranſack the ſilent Seat where Mem'ry lies,
To bring our Woes proportional Supplies:

Let

Let not the hoary Dews of *Lethe* ſteep
So many Vertues in Eternal Sleep:
But as they paſs our Intellectual view,
Let Sorrow grave 'em deep, and keep 'em new:
Then when we have ſurvey'd th' amazing Store,
Make us reflect, their *OWNER* is no more!
How all that's Prudent, Noble, Juſt, and Brave,
Is cover'd with *Bertudor* in the Grave!
O Thought! that on the Rack does ev'ry Nerve conſtrain!
Diſtraction were leſs Grief, and Dying gentler Pain!

Menalcas. My dear *Alexis*, if that Rain muſt fall,
But ſpeak the *Hero*'s Worth, then weep it all.

Alexis. It was my full Deſign——but firſt, my Friend,
(And Weeping, I'll the ſad account attend)
Tell by what Malady he hence was torn,
With how confus'd a Grief the loſs was born,
All Raving!——'twas too little ſure to Mourn;
He had to Human ſight, no leaſt Decay,
VVarm as a Summer's Sun's reviving Ray,
Nor promis'd leſs than a long Summer's day;
Freſh as the Morning, when the pearly Dew
Foretells the bright Meridian to enſue:
But there He ſtopp'd! there did the Gloom ariſe!
Veil'd with ſurrounding Clouds from Human Eyes!
Eclips'd, when moſt conſpicuous in the Skies!
Unwillingly the Rural Shades He left;
(Unhappy Shades! of all your Joys bereft!)
Never in *Senate* He deny'd His Aid;
This only only Time, He wou'd have ſtaid;
But 'twas His Country call'd,—whoſe call He ſtill Obey'd.

——But I prevent Thee, dear *Menalcas* on,
And----if I can---I'll Stifle in my Moan.

Menalcas. To tell you true (who e'er it may diſpleaſe)
He dy'd of the *Phyſician*——a Diſeaſe
That long has reign'd, and eager of Renown,
More than a Plague, Depopulate's the Town.
Inflam'd with Wine, and blaſting at a Breath,
All it's *Preſcriptions* are Receipts for Death.
Millions of Miſchiefs by it's Rage is wrought,
Safe where 'tis fled, but barb'rous where 'tis ſought:
A curs'd ingrateful Ill, that call'd to aid,
Is ſtill moſt fatal where it beſt is paid.
So ſlight at firſt his Ail, it cou'd have done
No further harm, but muſt of courſe 'been gone,
Had not this firſt Malignance forc'd it on;
And cruelly (till then, all pure and good)
With it's own Venom, daſh'd the Circling Flood.——
By this time, we the *Hero*'s Danger found;
He near Expiring, and we Weeping round.
The Sighs of Widows, and the Orphans Cries,
Importunate for Aid, beſieg'd the Skies.——
——And now the Fevor ſeem'd in part t' aſwage;
Death grin'd a horrid Smile, and half forgot his Rage.
As he grew better, ſo the Town reviv'd,
As Joy it ſelf were from his Health deriv'd.
But whether, 'twere to ſhew, tho ne'er ſo late,
How fervent Pray'r can turn the courſe of Fate;
Or whether 'twere a laſt expiring Glare,
The fatal Hope that uſhers in Deſpair;
Or whether yet the line of the Diſeaſe,
Cou'd be no further lengthen'd out for *Fees*,

He ſoon relaps'd, relapſing, weaker grew,
And the pale Tyrant came again in view.
Here Grief was at its utmoſt ſtretch diſclos'd!
We all Confounded, He alone Compos'd.
What Bleſſings did He to his Friends bequeath!
What Joys deſcribe, what dying Raptures breath!
With what aſſurance did he meet his Fate!
How fearleſs paſs th' Inevitable Gate!
His Soul had by Anticipation here,
A taſte of Heav'n, before it yet was there.
O Truth! O Innocence! O peaceful Cloſe!
Hail him (ye Angels) to his long Repoſe.
—But now an Univerſal burſt of Woe,
O'er all the Town, did like a Torrent flow.
The very *Senate* Mourn'd his early Fate,
Mourn'd this *ADJUSTER* of the Church and State;
As quite deſpairing any more to ſee
RELIGION reconcil'd to *POLICY*.
The *Clergy* next their *PATRIOTS* loſs deplore,
No more to hear his Voice! to have his Smiles no more!
In dang'rous Times they freſhly call'd to mind,
How diff'rent Parties in their Aid he join'd;
Then with a Grief too big to ſpeak in Tears,
In Silence ſunk beneath their former Fears:
For ne'er before in the moſt Impious Age,
Were they purſu'd with ſuch Invet'rate Rage,
So Slighted by the Great, and Slander'd from the Stage.
His Friends you next might ſee Diſtracted ſtand,
Too weak the Streams of Anguiſh to command:
Nor Compaſs, Card, or Pilot, left to guide
Thy hopeleſs plunge into the raging Tide.

But theirs, and ev'ry Grief the Poor's out did,
Tearing the very Earth up, to be hid,
And Raving, *Self-Deſtruction was forbid!*
A frightful Proſpect they before 'em ſee,
Of Wants, and un-reliev'd Adverſity.
Ev'n thoſe that knew him but by *Common-Fame*,
With Tears repeat their *Common Patriot*'s Name.
Nor leſs it ought our juſt Regard to have,
To think what Numbers mourn'd him to the Grave:
With mutual Praiſe, their mutual Sighs did Vie,
And from ſo many Mouths, oppreſt the Sky.——
There reſt His Aſhes:——but his Nobler Name,
Expanding as it mounts the Starry Frame,
Shall fill th' expiring Breath, and lateſt Gaſp of Fame.

Damon. 'Tis done, the Task you bid *Menalcas* do;
His Praiſe, a Nobler Task, we now expect from you.

Alexis. That Praiſe, alas! ſhou'd be by Angels ſung,
At leaſt the firſt of the *Caſtalian* Throng:
Not in my Numbers, broken, rough and lame,
But Verſe of the duration of his Fame,
Such as, where-ever read, ſhou'd ſway in Chief;
Mine's but the Duty of a Servant's Grief:
Thô yet (ſo much my Soul His Name revere's)
What in my *Stile* Un-elegant appears,
I'll Sanctify with Truth, and Poliſh with my Tears.
Witneſs, ye everlaſting Lamps above,
Ye Sacred Lights that round us Nightly move,
Witneſs how oft, when the long day was done,
And all Devotion ſilent, but his own,
We've ſeen him on his Knees before th' Immortal Throne.

As

As if at neither Morning, Noon, and Even,
There Hours enow to Piety were giv'n:
Part of the Night in Prayer He always ſpent;
The Time by moſt, to Wine and Lewdneſs len't:
No Hypocrite e'er with more Ardor cou'd,
Un-ſeen be Ill, than He'd un-ſeen be Good.
What ever doing, or where e'er he were,
His Privacies did no Detection fear;
We ne'er cou'd find Him when unfit to ſee,
Nor hear Him, but the Theme was Piety.
No *Faith* by *Works* was ever oft'ner ſhown:
If when no act of Charity is done,
That day be loſt——He never ſquander'd one.
As ſoon the *Sun* might croſs from Pole to Pole;
As ſoon the Wandring Planets ceaſe to roll,
As he diſmiſs the Poor without their Dole.
No Fears, by which our Scepticks are diſtreſt,
E'er found the leaſt admittance to his Breaſt:
Where e'er he turn'd his View, Sea, Earth, and Skies,
GOD, in his Works, was preſent to his Eyes.
Unhappy they! that ſee this wrond'rous Frame,
And, after, make a Doubt from whence it came!
His Converſe thô 'twas cheerful, ne'er was Vain;
His Soul wou'd ſtart, to hear a word Prophane:
That fatal Rock, where half our Nobles ſplit,
Loſt for the poor Repute of having Wit:
VVith ſuch, the Vertuous are the only *Elves*,
But Devils are thought Angels by themſelves.
VVhere once He Lov'd, He never cou'd Diſtruſt,
Kind to a Fau't, and to a Scruple Juſt:——
But moſt, He moſt did fly the Snares of Luſt.

Not all the Darts thrown by the Beautious Kind,
That Light'ning like, ſo quick a Paſſage find;
Not all their Wit, and never-ending Art,
His once engag'd Affection, cou'd divert,
Or melt the Chaſtity that Wall'd His Heart.
Our *Saviour*'s Precept, He to Practice brought,
And never, never Luſted---not in Thought!
And, to reward His Truth, He twice was join'd
In Wedlock, to the beſt of Women-kind.
The *Firſt*, the brighteſt, pureſt Soul that e'er
Was ſent from Heav'n, to ſhew us Mortals here
What Angels and Tranſlated Saints are there!
To ſee Her once, was ev'ry Charm to know,
Of Peace above, or Purity below;
Imagination cou'd no further go!
So ſweet her Form, th' *Idea* warms us yet! ---
But Ah! that Light in all her Glory ſet,
In all her Youth (and we all drown'd in Tears)
E'er She had number'd three and thirty Years;
Yet thirteen times had call'd *Lucina*'s Aid,
And was as oft a happy Mother made.
His next did a like Scene of Joy Preſage;
That giv'n to Charm his Youth, and this to Bleſs his Age.
Her Mind ſo juſtly to Her Form contriv'd,
The living Wife, but ſeem'd the Dead Reviv'd:
No jot Impar'd, or leſs amazing Bright,
For her ſucceeding ſuch a Glorious Light.
A ſtrange Eclipſe had certainly been thrown,
On any Face, or Vertue but her own.
Here were a Subject now our Voice to raiſe,
To ſing at once her Sorrows and her Praiſe!

A Year!

A Year! but one ſhort Year in Wedlock run,
E'er robb'd of all the Worth her Eyes had won!
Her Eyes! a Charm that cou'd for Ages bind,
Were Comfort certain, or had Fate been kind.
Ah Beautious VVidow,! cou'd I think, when late
The *Muſe* did on your happy Nuptials wait,
That ſuch a Scene of Pleaſure, Love and Light,
So ſoon wou'd cloſe in Everlaſting Night!
That one ſhort Year wou'd ſo deſtructive prove
To ſtricteſt Vertue, and to nobleſt Love!
Ah! what avail's our Hope, if Truth muſt here
Be leaſt, or lateſt Providence's Care?
What comfort have we, towards the Goal to ſtrive,
If thus the Stream of Fate at Random drive?
If all the Bleſſings of the Good and Fair,
Muſt like a Bubble break, and end in Air!

Damon. You know there's none exempt from Human (Cares—
But, Friend, you loſe His Vertues in your Tears.

Alexis. Forgive me, *Damon*, I've too long digreſt;
But who cou'd hold, to ſee ſuch Charms diſtreſt?
All Praiſe we owe, is to his Vertues due,
But ſome regard, muſt wait on Beauty too:
Ev'n He himſelf wou'd Pardon ſuch as ſtart,
To give our Duty, where he He gave his Heart——
——But to our View, His Temp'rance next appears,
His faſt Companion from his early Years.
In all th' Affluence of a Wealth ſo vaſt,
He ne'er the Common Bounds of Nature paſt.
Thô on his Board, (where all the *Seaſon*'s ſmil'd)
What Earth cou'd furniſh, plentiouſly was pil'd;

Thô

Thô there the Sea a conſtant Tribute paid,
And richeſt VVines (declining Nature's aid)
Flow'd round, as from a Spring that ne'er decay'd.
'Twas but prepar'd proportion'd to His Store,
To feaſt his Neighbours, and to feed the Poor.
How oft wou'd He from all his State deſcend?
Then only proud, when He cou'd ſerve a Friend.
Upon His Word, you as on Fate, might reſt;
The rather, if it croſt His Intereſt.
To Truth ev'n his moſt trivial Thoughts did tend,
As heavy Bodies ſink, and Flames aſcend.
Ev'n Contraries His Meekneſs reconcil'd,
As ſoon as Anger touch'd his Breaſt, 'twas Mild:
His Frowns ſo ſtern, when he did Vice reprove,
Through His Averſion, made you ſee his Love:
From moſt, reſentment does in Hate conclude,
But his Concern was always for your Good.
For ev'ry turn of Human Chance prepar'd,
His Vertues ne'er were miſſing from his Guard:
And by a wond'rous Mixture, you might find
In him the *Hero* and the *Chriſtian* join'd;
The Loftieſt Courage, and the Lowlieſt Mind!
VVhat ſhall we ſay?---unleſs by Angels Penn'd,
His Praiſes, like our Grief, can have no end.
Nature her ſelf, does of this *WORTHY* boaſt,
Aloud ſhe cries---*Here was no Labour loſt,*
While to their various Molds I'd others fit,
Ten thouſand fail me, for one lucky hit.
Hereafter, when the Nobler Souls I Frame,
Such as ſhall early get a Deathleſs Name,
And late purſue the ſhining Chaſe of Fame,

They

They, by this PATTERN, ſhall be all Deſign'd,
And, Copying Him, Exalt the long Degraded Kind.

Mena. Were not your Sight ſubſervient to your Moan,
You wou'd perceive it is already done:
What Copy can you hope to ſee ſo fair,
As that he drew in His *Illuſtrious HEIR*?
Who is more likely Fame's now ſinking blaſt
To lift again as high, and make it laſt?
A Noble Character, I grant, you've drawn;
But ſince 'tis Darkneſs there, look on the Riſing Dawn:
What Promiſes *Bertudor*'s Worth cou'd give,
Like a New *Eden*, all in Him revive.
Then in our Hope, His *CONSORT* with Him ſhares,
Born for His Eaſe, and ſoft'ning all His Cares;
She does the Nobleſt Modern Inſtance prove,
Of Peace in Wedlock, and of Truth in Love.
This Happy Pair thy Sorrows ſhou'd divert;
And never was a Nobler VVork for Art.

Damon. Begin, *Alexis*, let thy tuneful Song,
Paint Him all Lovely, Affable, and Young:
Then let it ſhew the vaſt advance His Youth
Has made in Honour, Eloquence, and Truth;
How none to Pleaſure, e'er was leſs a Slave,
More throughly Noble, nor more early Brave.
VVith Him, his Gen'rous Brothers VVorth proclaim,
VVho what they owe Their Birth, will pay in Fame:
In Peace, they ſhall the Arts of Peace adorn,
Or War, if they for bloody War are born.
His Sifters, then ſhou'd be Triumphant ſhown,
Their Sables off, and all their Brightneſs on;

Warming where e'er their happy Influence flies,
Love in their Mien, and Conqueſt in their Eyes!

Menalcas. As juſtly ſhou'd the Fair *Carnarvon*'s Name
Be handed with Her Niece's down to Fame:
She, who by Vertue, does aſſert Her Blood,
And values leſs Her Birth, than being Good:
That Siſter, who ſo much His loſs deplor'd,
And ſeem'd at laſt, as hard to be reſtor'd:
That Siſter, who to ſave Him, wou'd have Dy'd,
Who all His Sickneſs, on Her Knees wou'd 'bide——
Ah! cou'd ſo bright a Suppli'ant be deny'd!
Let not her Num'rous Alms be hid in Night,
Tho Private done, and flying Human Sight:
Nor ſhou'd her Chaſtity thy Pen decline,
Th' Hereditary Vertue of the Line;—— (vine!
Begin--and be thy Song as Famous, as thy Theme's Di-

Alexis. Ah Friends!—I grant my Duty owing there--
But firſt (ye Pow'rs) I'll firſt perform it here;
Firſt with a bleeding Heart, and weeping Verſe,
Pay my laſt Homage to *Bertudor*'s Hearſe.
That Office o'er, we to their Names will turn,
There truly Praiſe, as here we truly Mourn.——
---But no ſuch Theme ſhall now the Muſe employ,
No thought of Comfort! nor no dream of Joy!
Faithful to Grief, and wedded to my Moan,
All my Relief ſhall be——to hope for none!——
---Ha! *Damon!* where? whence came theſe diſmal Cries?
Shriek'd out as they were Nature's Obſequies!
As if the Gen'ral Doom juſt now were bid,
And cleaving Earth were yielding up its Dead!

Menalcas.

Mena. To the ſame Cauſe of Grief the Country yields;
I ſpread the News through the *Wiltonian* Fields;
No longer now bemoan'd by Swain to Swain,
It gather's Head, and ſweeps along the Plain:
Like an Impetuous Flood, it all o'er-bears——
The ſadder Deluge, as 'tis made of Tears.

Alexis. Lead on *Menalcas.*——This will be a Scene
Fit to Indulge the Sorrows I am in!
Hark! louder! How the ſad affrighting Sound
Does from the Hills, back on the Plain rebound,
And tells us---*Death can now no deeper Wound.*
The Flocks and Herds run bleeting o'er the Plains,
And Sympathize with the Deſpairing Swains.
Some diſmal Tydings, Heav'n's uncommon Rage,
In Groans of Thunder did laſt Night Preſage:
The faithful *Dogs* in horrid Conſorts Houl'd
And the fierce *Woolves*, Un-guarded found the Fold,
And Croaking Ravens Death and Woe foretold!
With Light'ning ſing'd, the blaſted Heath is bare,
And Horror is the ſole Poſſeſſor there.——
But let us haſte and join 'em, now their Grief
Is at the full, and hopeleſs of Relief:
Bertudor is their Theme——*Bertudor* we
Will cry, and Eccho back their Miſery.
Bertudor! O *Bertudor!* ——O no more!
For ever now no more!——
Away! and let me join the Weeping Throng,
To hear him Mourn'd, to hear his Praiſes Sung,
And die with the *Dear NAME* upon my Tongue!

FINIS.